

THE LITERARY EDITION OF THE  
**puer nazarenus**



THE HALLMARK

The *Hallmark* is the literary publication of the students of Nazareth Hall.

It serves as the organ through which the individual student expresses his individuality. Thus it does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the seminary, diocese, or Church.

Through the *Hallmark* the student hopefully matures and becomes aware of and responsive to the call of an ever-changing society.

MAY 1965, VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER EIGHT

## THE HALLMARK

Dedicated to:

The Class of 1965 who through intellectual  
and spiritual growth have made not  
the seminary their world, but the world their seminary.



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## KIDS

*Tony Bibus, '66*

### I

When the boy (he had only just  
learned to skip) smelled the smoke,  
He jumped out of bed and ran to his toy box  
Where he bravely grabbed his red fire truck  
to help put out the fire  
that was killing his parents.  
simple, clear yet green, perhaps naïve  
gamely trusting.

### II

When my little sister saw  
Cows dead on T.V. she thought (she  
didn't know they were 1930-ish dead  
because of the drought) and asked Mom:  
"What's the matter with them?  
Did they eat too much dust?"  
too much dust.  
mainly truthful  
subtle, wondering, asking questions

---

2 little kids

not  
sheep

like adults?

like me?

like you?  
sure they do

## THE CHALLENGE OF EXISTENTIALISM

*Jim Kolar, '66*

"A very popular error; having the courage of one's convictions; rather it is a matter of having the courage for an attack on one's convictions." (Fredrick Nietzsche).

2000 years ago Socrates made the statement that "an unexamined life is not worth living;" and he, who knew no mental hiatus between thought and action, carried out all the far-reaching implications of that statement. He asked himself and others the meaning of such basic concepts as love, friendship and life. Usually he discovered that the esteemed answers of years past seemed greatly inadequate. He sought to dispell the cloud of illusion pervading people's minds by giving them the incentive to have "the courage to attack one's own convictions." He tried to replace the soft light of conformity and security with the harsh, unrelenting light of individual lucidity.

His revolt (for it was a revolt in so far as he believed every individual had the right and obligation to question concepts and principles of past times and either make them relevant or else disregard them), ended in his murder by those whose peace of mind he had threatened. At his trial, when asked if he would give up his nihilistic teachings, he answered, "I shall not change my ways though I die a thousand deaths."

Socrates' answer can best be explained by a parable that Plato, his ardent disciple, told. He pictured the multitudes of mankind as men sitting in the depths of a huge cave with their backs towards the entrance, facing the dark. Behind their backs a fire cast a fitful light all around the cave. Artificial objects of wood and stone are being passed between the fire and their backs. Thus they see only distorted images projected on the wall ahead of them. These shadows are their reality, for they know nothing else. A few cavemen however have the courage



and curiosity to turn their heads from the phantom which captivates the rest. They leave the cave and enter into the world of reality illuminated by the sun. They quickly learn to tell shadow from truth. However, they must not hoard the light of truth for themselves alone; rather, with their newly-found perception, they must descend into the darkness of the cave and lead the remaining masses from the darkness. Socrates' death, the culmination of his revolt, served as a dynamic witness to the masses mired in the cave of complacency.

There have been many revolts such as the one of Socrates, casting aside the dogmatic systems of traditional truth, to re-examine them in a new light. The effects of one such modern revolt are with us today, in the philosophy of existentialism.

There have been existential tendencies throughout the history of Western philosophy, but it was in Germany after World War I that they began to crystalize and gain momentum. From Germany they spread to France during and after the Second World War. The name "existentialism" itself comes from the German word *existenzphilosophie*, which means a philosophy of existence or of being.

Since the philosophers who have had a direct influence on existentialism, such as Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Heidegger, Jaspers and Sartre, do not agree on many areas, we can only isolate here some major tenets which they all seem to hold. These men are all marked with strong tendencies towards individualism, and they all regard traditional philosophy as superficial, academic and remote from life. In fact, they refuse to adhere to any school of thought, especially systematism and essentialism, because they claim them to be inadequate.

Perhaps the above statements can be clarified best by explaining the friction that exists between essentialistic and existentialistic philosophy. This conflict has always been present, but while essentialism seemed to have been the predominant approach since Plato's time, the existential aspect has been stressed more recently. Essentialistic philosophy is dominated by "an over intellectual devotion to dry abstractions," to quote the words of James Dallen. According to this school, the essence and nature of an existent substance is considered to be the only aspect of existence worth studying. This tendency to regard solely the essence or nature of an existent substance led to the creation of the systematic classification of essences and the creation of universal principles. The end result of this abstract essentialism was the system of Georg Hegel.

Hegel enshrined this systematization of essences, and the more universal and abstract it was, the higher value he placed on it. Now within this systematism the individual is of very little importance; man is

seen as a passive spectator watching reality, as if it were foreign to him. He passively stands back "like a ghost" and watches history unfold before him.

The existentialist, on the other hand, sees essence as that which has been and existence as that which is. He starts with the individual's existence as the primary datum and sees philosophy as "man's attempt to discover the ultimate meaning and value of existence." He wants man to become more deeply aware of the implications of human existence with a special emphasis placed on the role of the individual's responsibility for his actions.

Rather than dismembering man, existentialists view him as a totality. Perhaps it will suffice to state that existentialists consider the basic premise of their philosophy to be Alexander Pope's maxim, "the proper study of mankind is man."

The founder of this movement, at least the founder of the modern movement, is considered to be Danish philosopher Soren Kierkegaard. He revolted against the abstract essentialism of Hegel and advocated the return to the individual. He saw every individual as an original being isolated from the guiding voice of universal principles, compelled to lead his life by an abrupt movement which he alone can initiate. He states, "there is truth for man only in subjectivity. That is to say, philosophy, far from dissolving the ego in the timelessness of the objective and abstract thought, must furnish me with a truth in which my individual being can play a part. Understanding truth must lead to acting it." This subjectivity is taken as the starting point of existence; it is the idea presented in the existential motif, "existence precedes essence."

Because of this subjectivity, it would be impossible to communicate directly to the individual the awareness of his own existence. Thus a method of indirect communication is used. The existentialist writes not to reveal himself to others, but to reveal others to themselves. If an individual has a deep understanding of his own personal existence, he can communicate to other individuals on the grounds of a shared human condition.

This concept of subjectivity may lead one to the conclusion that objective truth is denied. Really it is not, but as Gabriel Marcel emphasizes, "a truth has no meaning for me unless it is my truth. It must be appropriated, made my own — not only intellectually either, for man is taken as a whole and all his faculties play a part." Just as personal subjectivity varies, so do the cultural and historical conditions of individuals differ. Thus it would seem that philosophy, if it is to be apposite, "must be a continual re-beginning and re-thinking of ancient ideas or it

will cease to be philosophy. Man and the structure of his existence must be examined anew in the midst of the present historical and cultural setting." Contained in that sentence is one great challenge of existentialism — the challenge to pursue truth constantly and vigorously in the condition that one is in. Rather than having one's true condition, as one's only valid reality, limit the individual, it should broaden him. Since his true reality is based on his experiences, he should be constantly striving for more of the experiences of humanity. Thus he is always striving to become a more complete human being.

The above challenge appears to be the most humanly valid means in man's unending quest for truth. Yet the greatest challenge to the existentialist is to be a dynamic witness to the truth he already possesses. As Fredrick Neitzche says, "I care for a philosopher only to the extent that he is an example of his philosophy."

## A CERTAIN HAPPINESS

*Mike Lidstone, '68*

Tom was on his way. Turning over the engine helped to relieve the tension in his body. The soft yet firm roar soothed his brain and renewed his confidence. Now, pulling out of the driveway, he felt himself relax. The freeway loomed ahead, devouring the miles.

Tom, a senior in high school, had just left his home, confused, angered and very upset. It wasn't the same old line that "they didn't understand him"; it was more than that. Yet his raging mind couldn't quite pick out the reasons for his anger.

His parents' words, "Tom, you're not going to pull that stunt again, are you?" echoed relentlessly in his mind.

"Why would they say a thing like that?" Tom queried to himself.

He raised a cigarette to his lips, one of the Chesterfield's he liked best. He looked ahead to a pleasant evening with Leslie, his girl.

Pulling up to her house, he honked the horn twice. She seemed to skip out to the car with youthful anticipation and agility.

"How are you tonight, Tom?" she asked.



"Oh, a little upset, I guess. My folks are harping on me again," he said casually.

An awful silence of anticipation enveloped the couple as Tom concentrated on the road ahead.

"Oh, I see," she replied somewhat hesitantly. Turning on the radio helped to ease the tension. Tom dragged on his butt and glanced at the long grass along the highway, swaying softly to spring breezes.

Leslie moved closer and looped her arm through his.

"Tom, you've been upset lately, haven't you? It's mostly been trouble at home, hasn't it?"

"Well, yes. My parents just don't seem to take my viewpoint into account at all. It's always as they see it, never from my side. Please don't get me wrong; I'm not trying to be a martyr, but shoot, all I seem to get at home lately is complaint after complaint. I love my parents and all that, but sometimes . . . well, I just can't take it."

Tom parked the car on the River Terrace overlooking the city, still alive with the movement of its faceless citizens. Leslie rested her head on Tom's shoulder.

She felt that this had been coming on for a long time. She did not really know just what to say. Most likely the trouble was Tom's fault. Did he complain too much? Was he too quick to take offense at a critical remark? Leslie had known this thoughtful yet confused boy for a long time, and she felt she knew what was wrong.

"Tom," she ventured, "don't you think your problem might be in your belligerent attitude?"

Tom dragged on his cigarette, releasing the smoke in quick, jerky puffs. "I don't know, that could be part of it, but it seems to be more than that. Do you remember in English how Mr. Elwood explained that in *Julius Caesar* Brutus had the tragic fault of trusting too much in others and letting himself be swayed by the pleas of Cassius? I just follow the group, approve of their plans, and go along with them. Do you know what I mean?"

Her only reply was written in her eyes.

"I mean, hell, I don't want to be a rebel or anything like that, but I've let all the other guys decide things for me. This has reversed itself at home. I think I question everything my parents say, argue petty details with them, and generally upset the household."

Tom dragged off his cigarette and casually released a smooth, thin stream of smoke. "Well, what do you think, Leslie?"

She looked up at his youthful face, smiled and spoke softly. "You know, Tom, I really think you've hit the nail on the head."

The small voice of a boy shrilly interrupted their conversation.

"My dog, my dog!" he screamed.

Tom dashed out of the car and ran down to the beach. A dog lay out on a sandbar about thirty yards from shore. Tom quickly stripped to the waist and swam out, gracefully and effortlessly.

Carefully lifting the dog, he placed it on his shoulder and side-stroked back to shore where the young boy affectionately embraced his pup. The child and dog then picked their way up the hill.

Leslie, in the meantime, had made her way down the hill and was now leaning on Tom. Tom bent over and their lips met, softly yet firmly.

## THE SUN

*Jerome Winzig, '67*

Cutting Lances of Brilliant Light

Slashing the dark curtain of the night,  
Hurling from a power in the East,  
The Rising Sun, with light for all.

Here in the jungle Its Rays pierce through

The dank dark shade of the leafy trees.  
They fell on the face of a thin, wasted child;  
His face and bloated stomach show suffering and hunger.

Radiance cuts through the sick atmosphere

Of an undermanned, overpopulated hospital.  
No one is there to care for them now,  
Except a few poor welfare workers.

Into a dark dirty room shine the Sunny Rays,

Touching two rusted faucets, dry as bones;  
The dry brown insides of the corroded pipes  
Are untouched by the cool, swirling waters.



Shining into a dirty alley, the Shafts of Light  
Lay bare a streetful of kids,  
Playing naked in the wet chilly morning,  
Their thin dirty limbs shaking with cold.

The Radiance pours through the clean shiny bars,  
Lighting the bare, modern cell.  
It calls upon the unvisited prisoner,  
But it cannot expell his lonely despair.

Upon the sleeping face of a dirty bum falls the Light,  
Stirring him from the cold park bench.  
He walks through the streets looking for shelter,  
And finds only an empty barn in the country.

Striking the dead bodies the Light almost curls,  
From the stench of the rot, rising in hot waves.  
The bodies lie sprawled in the streets, unburied,  
Because no one can, and no one will, bury the dead.

## OUT OF THE MIST

*Steve Levi, '65*

Newton Brede was definitely in the "in group." He was a student at Corinth Corridor, a preparatory seminary in the Midwestern United States which had a very flexible and open approach to modern thought. He refused to let his mind be perverted by such archaic concepts as discipline, perseverance or practicing what one preached, but rather concentrated on how things would be when modern man caught up with modern thought. "New," as his classmates called him, frequently used a slogan which expressed himself very well, he thought (in fact, much better than he thought). It stated, "The Future Lies Ahead!"

New had a tragic flaw which tended to make him prejudiced toward the seminary system. He was, to use an "in" phrase, "huntin' for smarts" and didn't quite impress the administration with his ability to

progress toward the priesthood. They felt he needed more background before graduating to the major seminary. New knew that this wasn't true, because New knew the system better than they knew it, so New began to fight too.

He began a systematic analysis of the system, fault by fault, and talked to fellow students, complaint by complaint. He was even open-minded enough to talk to the faculty. Some students laid the blame on the faculty for not taking their job seriously enough and not associating with the students. They suggested such things as common lavatory facilities and a student commission to govern faculty liberties. "They must learn what's important to us," they said.

Another group placed the blame on the geographical location of the school itself. They felt that the transportation and communication deficiencies of this age make it mandatory for anyone, as essential to world affairs as minor seminarians are, to live in the midst of these affairs. They were very envious of all the fortunate people who lived and worked and recreated and died in the midst of a metropolitan area. They thought, since changes occur so rapidly (due to an excellent system of transportation and communication), that they needed an immediate contact with these changes. They didn't want to become like the millions of Americans who move out of the cities to bury themselves in suburbs and small towns.

Probably the most powerful group of all was that which detested the childish mentality of the school which was geared for high school freshmen, as they thought. This group was made up of students from all classes of the school, each with a similar complaint. "This system might be alright for sophomores (or juniors or seniors or college freshmen)," said juniors (or seniors or college freshmen or college sophomores). "But, honestly, aren't we a little too old for rules," asked one student (while spraying shaving cream through the keyhole of another student's room); "I'm just as mature as the next guy and frankly I resent this foolish attitude around here of the profs acting like guards." Another group of students (interviewed while chaining the dean's car to a nearby tree), said emphatically, "We just don't understand why the administration around here doesn't believe us when we say we are mature Catholic gentlemen."

The faults piled up and the complaints piled up and the students continued to suffer injustices and the Burma-Shave stock rose three points and the dean bought a new car, but New and many of his comrades still weren't any better prepared for graduation.

The more New became familiar (indeed, expert) with the problems

of Corinth, the more time it took to absorb and relate these problems to the whole situation. The more time he spent on this analysis and reconstruction of the preparatory seminary, the less time he had for his preparations for the seminary. He was finally told that he must study and study hard or else he would fail many of his courses. However, he was, by this time, deaf to any suggestions from "those institutionalists." He probed and searched and questioned with an enthusiasm and determination equalled by few mortal men. The problem grew in complexity in New's head and one fault contradicted another and soon his whole series of causes and effects collapsed into a meaningless mass of ideas. His preparation for the priesthood suffered and correspondingly collapsed. He was finally asked to leave the seminary.

Just before leaving he glanced out his window for a quick view of the woods, just coming alive in springtime, but he couldn't see them because a large tree had grown up, blocking his view.

## ANACHRONISTIC CONSERVATISM?

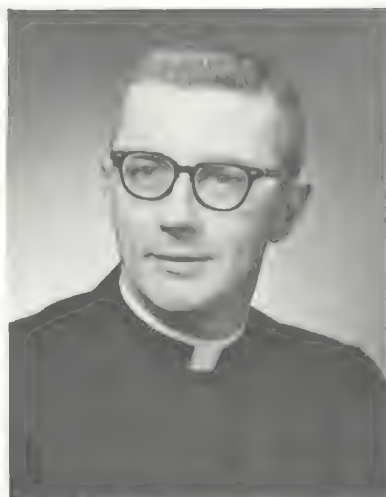
*Patrick Shannon, '66*

No one can correctly assert that Liberalism, as a philosophy, is evil, for it promotes creative thought in an age that needs ideas to solve the many problems facing us today. However, the totalitarian notion that the Liberal way is the only way, and that Conservatives cannot contribute valid ideas equally well in a modern world is, I feel, a dominant and erroneous philosophy. We question that reasoning of people who reject the Catholic religion because of the bad example of some of its members. Yet many people turn right around and like to call Conservatives "ancient, backward, set in their ways, or stuffed shirts with Birchite tendencies." Is this stereotyped image a valid representation of true Conservatism? Is the Conservative philosophy outmoded?

The main challenge to the Conservative movement is to continue to produce in an age which is technically orientated. The machine and its accompanying way of life do exist, and we cannot be expected to live under a system constructed as if they do not. Again the question is: has a modern world anachronized the Conservative philosophy? The an-



Archbishop Leo Binz



Monsignor John Sankovitz

Dedicated to the Graduates of 1965







## SIXTH YEAR GRADUATES

Seated left to right: C. Brambilla, J. Keiser, Fr. Kohler, Msgr. Sankovitz, Fr. Cullen, G. Kegler, L. Litecky, G. Anderson. Second row: F. Ojile, M. Boyd, R. Balfe, E. Flaherty, G. Graftsky, J. Notebaart, A. Karner, R. Pierre. Third row: R. Robert, J. Steele, J. DeHarpporte, J. White, T. Oswald, G. Muellerleile, C. Siebenand. Fourth row: T. Masanz, M. Clifford, J. Knoll, J. Hilger, E. Kearney, J. Malia, J. Shea, T. Sieg.





#### HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

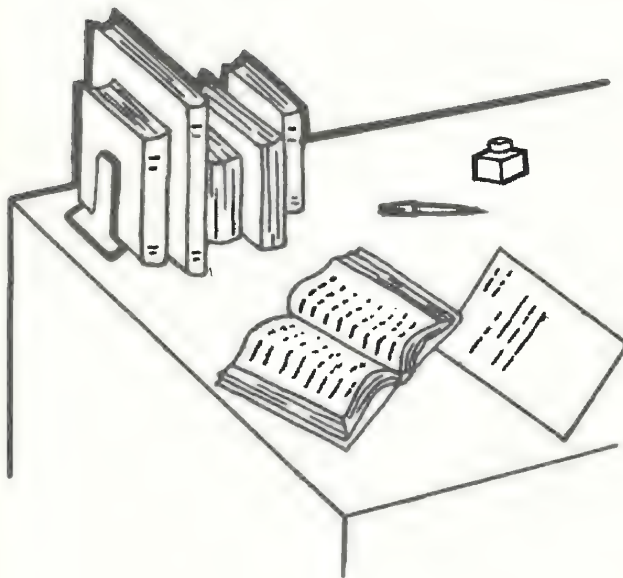
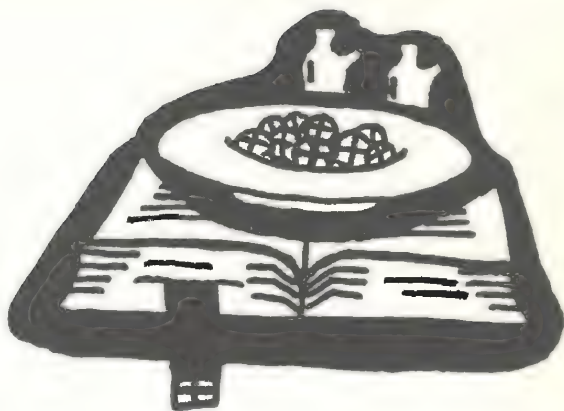
Standing, bottom row, left to right: J. Winzig, G. Blockey, J. Bitney, R. Dolezal, J. Steiner, S. Lethert, J. Scheibel. Second row: K. Flanagan, V. Liesenfeld, G. Caron, T. Koberstein, B. Harper, J. Kayser. Third row: J. Larson, R. Tvedten, J. Mooney, J. Oczak, R. Hess, L. Sachi, W. Salzer. Fourth row: R. Raiter, F. Morrissey, D. Schultz, Msgr. Sankovitz, R. Simmer, J. Fleetham, J. McDonough.

"Every priest, because he is a priest, has dedicated his life to the work of universal salvation. If he is conscious of the dignity of his office, he should no longer live for himself but for the world, following the example of Him whom he is annointed to represent.

"To the full extent of my power, *because I am a priest*, I wish from now on to be the first to become conscious of all that the world loves, pursues and suffers; I want to be the first to seek, to sympathize and to suffer; the first to unfold and sacrifice myself—to become more widely human and more nobly of the earth than any of the world's servants. . . ."

Teilhard de Chardin  
*Le Prêtre*

*Do not be afraid of becoming  
less Christian the more human you are.*



*Each new conquest over the world .*

*is a province you are annexing to the  
universal domain of Christ the King.*  
Cardinal Suhard



swer is, of course, no. When we begin to think that there is only one solution to a national or local problem, we are undermining our whole system of government. The American heritage is based on an equal choice between philosophies.

The Liberal choice today seems to be one of demand and supply. In a few short words William Buckley sums up this Liberal trend: "There are unemployed in Harlan County? Rush them aid . . . Farmers do not want to leave the land? Let them till it, buy and destroy the produce. Labor unions demand closed shop? It is theirs. The tidal wave of industrialization will sweep in the welfare state? Pull down the sea walls." This seems to pin-point Liberal thinking.

The Conservative position in a modern world, on the other hand, is not to throw aid to every sore spot in the country. It is the job of responsible leadership to look ahead to see what the desired solution to a problem is and then to work systematically, conservatively toward that solution. People in dire need must be helped now, but they must also be given a chance for self sustenance.

Harlan County, Kentucky, mentioned in Mr. Buckley's quote is an example of one of America's poverty pockets. Here, coal production is very unprofitable. The eventual condition of this area should have been recognized long ago, but wasn't. Now the Liberals rush down aid and subsidies to rectify the situation. These people are getting food to raise more coal miners to mine worthless subsidized coal that will eventually be completely gone. You can't tell me that the younger generation is too set in its coal mining ways to learn another trade. Aim the aid in the direction of re-training. Now is the time to look forward to other problems such as that of the small, independent farmer and see that he too has the chance of becoming quite obsolete. If we keep subsidizing the farmer, he will wind up in the same position as the poor coal miner.

We must allow for the many problems created by the modern, technical world in a way that does not lead to socialized welfare state. The Conservative insists upon individual rights and responsibilities. His philosophy does not insure prosperity to all people; it can only provide them with the opportunity to accept or reject that prosperity. Why should a person fall into a short-hour, high paying union job in which he shows no incentive for making it on his own? If he fails at this occupation, he still succeeds through government compensation. We should eliminate featherbedding and union monopolies. Let the individual have a personal encounter with life, be it successful or unsuccessful. Why should we have a possible ten per cent social security tax by 1979, insuring our well-being? Our lives are our own; let us live them,

not Washington. Conservatism is not anachronized by tomorrow but rather is a way toward a better tomorrow. Whittaker Chambers put it nicely when he said "Those who remain in the world, if they will not surrender on its terms, must maneuver within its terms." This is the policy of modern Conservatism.

## THE FREEDOM OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD

*Fred Ojile, '65*

"The freedom wherewith Christ has made us free" (Gal. 4:31) is totally different than the freedom which the world is seeking. Yet, the freedom of the children of God strengthens and guards all the important values of our natural freedom. A Christian greatly values freedom from foreign subjection and degrading tyranny because human slavery is opposed to the dignity of man and may threaten the development of moral freedom for choosing the good.

But the freedom of the children of God is far more precious than personal freedom from injustice. It surpasses even the importance of moral freedom which is essential for our religious and ethical life. The freedom of the children of God is a totally undeserved gift from God. It is the closest participation in the divine freedom of the Trinity.

The true nature of freedom was expressed fully by Christ's perfect obedience on the Cross and His glorification in the resurrection. The risen Christ gives this same freedom to the children of God. If we respond to this gift of liberty, we do not seek freedom in self-will or grasp for self-security. We do not seek freedom from something but rather for something. We will strive for a constant awareness and grateful acceptance of our complete dependence on God. This involvement makes us free by helping us submit our souls in a trusting, childlike self-surrender to a life of union. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom" (II Cor. 3:17).

The first Adam attempted to free himself from dependence upon God and His law. Since man wished to be free like God, he had to suffer God's threat: "For the day you eat of it, you must die" (Gen. 2:17). Sin dissolved and put to death the freedom of the children of God.



Now, through God's merciful love we are able to regain this blessed freedom. Christ's redemptive death on the Cross earned for us this fullness of life. As Fr. Bernard Haring states in his latest book, *Christian Renewal in a Changing World*,

Christ has become the fount of life and the new source of new freedom for all His followers in view of His complete and wholehearted acceptance of the will of His heavenly Father. . . . Only through the grace of Christ and our humble readiness to a similar obedience can we fully regain the Freedom of the children of God (p. 55).

This involves a painful dying and a constant mortification of the old man who attempts to seek freedom in self-will (Rom. 6:11). Yet the essence of the New Law is not found in the struggle against sin but rather in a positive, childlike relationship to God's merciful will and law. While living in the sacred freedom of the divinity, Christ became a servant of His Father and man. He shows us the essence of the New Law of freedom. This law is the love which Christ has lived for us and which we are to live in our dealings with our neighbor. "Help bear one another's burdens, and so you will fulfill the Law of Christ" (Gal. 6:2).

Since the New Law of God's children is love, we participate in the freedom of the children of God to the extent that we love one another. Without Christ's Law we would not be free to participate in the life of the Trinity or love our neighbor as Christ loved us. Without the Law there would be no freedom.

With every liberty there is a corresponding responsibility. Thus with the freedom of the children of God, the greatest possible freedom, we receive our greatest possible obligation. Our responsibility does not consist in what we can do for God. The Christian religion consists in what God does for us. Our open childlike receptiveness to this action upon us is the Christian responsibility to his new freedom.

In our relations with others our response is again like that of the child. This is the risk of freedom. For to be always open to another's love means to be also open to another's indifference and insulting hatred. This is exactly how Osee lived his prophetic life. By continually forgiving his prostitute wife, Osee finally aroused her to respond to his God-like "yes" of love. So also we must act if we desire to proclaim God's Word to all nations.

In our duty to proclaim God's Word to the world we should strive for a constant awareness that the spirit of charity and the freedom of



the children of God extend the Incarnation of the Word of God in this world. Christ's act of Incarnation brought divine spirit into matter and life in loving service of our Father and man. This is the liberty of God's children, His noblest gift, our most sacred obligation and bond of love.

## LILIES

*Gregory Caron, '67*

Trees crack the ground, yet no sun rises,  
Stars sink in an ocean of blood,  
The earth groans, but does not quake,  
And lilies remain unheeded, as men run for holes.

Some carry water,  
Some gather food,  
Others —  
Call the future bearers of their soul,  
But, lilies remain unheeded, as men run for holes.

The black sky,  
Rains down its fire and death —  
The fruit of man's knowledge.  
They shield themselves from their world,  
And clamp shut the leaden doors of their vaults.  
Have peace, the fire and the death are locked, out.  
But what of . . . ?  
— With the fire and death.

And lilies grow black,  
And because what is white can never be black,  
They die,  
And leave no seeds.  
Then the rains come — and lands cry.

What worry, they have their holes.  
Eating . . . , drinking . . . , sleeping . . . ,  
Attempting a life of seconds.

But, the lives of men are for days-years  
And between seconds men need . . .  
But they are gone.

And men cease to care.

## THE THIRTEENTH APOSTLE

*Rick Cunningham, '68*

The fires gleam and reproduce the shadows of those around the fire outside the great stone building. All is silent save for the nervous, excited conversations of those who seek the fire's warmth.

"The night is cold; no night for a trial."

"We should bother about his comfort now before he comes to Cai-phas?"

The idle chatter ceases, all eyes fixing on the man, all ears grasping for some words he might utter. Not a word of teaching did they want, but rather they hoped they could catch him lamenting over his impending doom. They heard neither. He spared them not a glance nor word but walked straight past them, his eyes fixed on the building as if he had an appointment there already.

"We should care for him!"

Again the chatterings resume while inside things are astir. Witness after witness is called; witness after witness condemns Christ. Jesus makes another stop in the black of night and then is taken to Pilate. Pilate investigates Christ, showing a little more interest than usual in this case. The temple officials who are there with him, however, sit bored and angered at the gall of this lunatic to take up the precious time of the business at hand, the business of running the temple.

"Are you a king?"

"Yes, but I rule a kingdom which is not on this earth."

At this the temple officials laugh; Pilate becomes impatient. He continues but Jesus answers curtly and to the point.

On the basement floor of the temple guards sit and talk among themselves, having to raise their voices over the din of the growing crowd outside the building. Thoughtfully one of the guards remarks as he looks at the whip between his feet on the floor below.

"You know, I saw him heal that beggar, the blind beggar at the gates of the city."

He had directed his statement to all those with him, but no one cared to answer, or even to show interest. This did not stop him, for he says a little louder, "I saw —" but the cries of the crowd pierce the walls of Pilate's palace.

"Crucify him!"

"Crucify him!"

Then there is a moment of silence; obviously Pilate is speaking. The silence is followed by loud shouts of acknowledgment from the crowd.

The guard who had spoken up before looks at the grinning faces of his companions. His eyes drop to the whip on the floor, then to the scourging post they all knew so well. Soon he would be led down and they would strap him to the post and beat him with their whips. He shut his eyes at the thought, but then he heard steps outside the door. It opened, revealing four men, three guards and the Nazarene. All of them look at the prisoner's face and their gaze is held fast as he scans the room slowly with eyes that call, "Why do you persecute me?"

One by one the men line up at the post to take their turn, their long awaited turn, at beating this prisoner. As they form their line, Jesus is tied to the post, and then the beating commences. First one, then the next. Up goes the whip, it pauses a brief moment at the top of its flight and then rips into the waiting flesh. Up goes the whip, down it comes. Up, down. Up, it pauses at the pinnacle.

Suddenly the tomb-like quiet of the department store is broken as the already nervous man shouts, "I can't beat him, I can't hit him! Don't make me betray him!"

"Joe, what are you, — crazy? Listen you've been actin' nuts all night. You're not beating anybody, nobody's getting betrayed. But we will if ya don't shut your big mouth. Now, we're going through with this job."

"Don't make me, Jack!"

"Shut up! Pick up that dynamite between your feet on the floor. You know what to do. We'll blow the door off and then clean out the safe."

Now the noise might attract somebody even though we'll muffle it, so once it's open, hustle with the money and we'll beat it."

"Couldn't we beat it now, Jack? I mean — "

"Listen, last week you buy a Bible, now you can't knock off a safe. Get smart, getta work!"

A muffled explosion shakes the large department store. Ten minutes later, a '59 Ford pulls out from the alley, cuts the corner, and leaves the department store carrying two deft and experienced men. One sits there smiling, occasionally glancing at the thirty-thousand dollars beside him, while the other serenely divides the money, fifteen thousand apiece. At a deserted street corner, at approximately 2:30 A.M., the car stops.

"OK Joe, I'll see ya. Now we separate here but we meet here again one month from now after the job's cooled off."

Joe steps from the car, mutters an intelligible farewell, and vanishes into the black silken cape of darkness.

Three weeks later the newspaper carried the story of the crime with the headline, "STORE ROBBERY CASE CLOSED."

The last part of the story read as follows: "The safe door was then dynamited and the criminals made off with approximately thirty-thousand dollars. Then this morning the police, searching Joseph Divine's apartment, found the following note on his desk. It was written on a page torn out of a Bible:

'It seems to me, I found the right road too late. All these years I thought that the way I was leading my life was right. But then I found someone who presented a new, fresh life far better than the old. But I saw my roots were planted and I betrayed him. Now my life is worthless. I regret taking the money and thus betraying the only person that gave me hope for the future. I only wish I could tell Jack and the others the discovery of life I've made.'

Above this note, from the light fixture, hung Joseph Divine."

## SANDBOX

*Tom Koberstein, '67*

In goes he —  
Jumping in without a thought  
Barefoot.  
Pushing, shoving, hurting — others.  
Sand in his eyes.

A castle soars — two feet tall.  
His alone.  
Others prance — shovels high against him.  
A castle falls — around him.

Out jumps he —  
By himself alone, no one with him..  
Sand in his cuffs.  
Behind him the ruins of a castle.

Others with sand between their toes  
Stand. Watching, learning.  
More jump in — more jump out.  
Life.



## ONE COUNTRY, ONE VOTE

*Carl Schenker, '69*

A small plane, stripped of all identifying marks, winged steadily southward into a slight headwind. With a powerful pair of binoculars, Vale Pitdown scanned the countryside below, tinted lavender by a common Uruguayan weed.

"Ah, there it is!" Pitdown prodded the pilot and indicated a massive building set on a bluff overlooking the Uruguay River. The pilot nodded and swung the plane slightly to the right. Hunching forward in his seat, Pitdown settled the parachute firmly on his shoulders and made a slight adjustment in the harness.

"Now!" The pilot throttled the plane back for just a moment as Pitdown forced open the door with his shoulder and tumbled out. . . .

As the drone of the small plane died away in the southwest, Luis Manuel Travantor sat contemplating the low lying mountain chain visible on the horizon through his study window. Finally he bent back over the neatly arranged paperwork on his desk.

"Shockingly poor security . . ."

Startled, Travantor stiffened in his chair. His hand shot out for the white phone nestling on the edge of his desk. Before he could lift the receiver, a massive white hand flipped a synthetic wallet down on his desk.

"American intelligence."

Travantor glanced through the contents of the wallet and then grabbed for the phone. His futile attempt was easily thwarted by the intruder. "I demand an explanation," he threatened timidly.

"Simple enough. I'm conveying a warning, through unofficial channels, that the Communists are about to execute a *coup*. With the U.S. national elections approaching, it is in the best interest of the Wash-

ington administration to avoid 'rocking the boat,' " replied his unexpected guest.

"*Coup?* We are the most progressive republic in Latin America." A note of pride tinged Travantor's voice. "Why?"

"Several good reasons. One, you are the smallest independent country on the continent. Two, infiltration is relatively easy, especially into the executive council. Three, Uruguay is a stepping stone to the Latin giants — Argentina and Brazil."

"But how? They lack monetary . . . "

"Or did until they took the northern gold mines."

Travantor blanched. "The executive council . . . ? The gold mines?"

"The connection suggests . . . "

"Ingles . . . "

Mopping his forehead with a damp table napkin, the head waiter of Montevideo's fashionable Carnival Lobby sobbed out his story. "Manuel, the waiter, was bringing the main course for Señor Ingles and his wife. They had been there maybe forty minutes. I was seating another couple, and suddenly, BOOM! and the roof fell in," he stumbled over his rapid Spanish and halted.

The chief of police glanced at the gapping hole torn in the ceiling. "Literally," he commented mentally.

"I think a car pulled away then. But maybe not, I cannot be sure." With a shaking hand, he lifted a glass to his lips.

The demolition expert meticulously perused the scorched wreckage of tables, chairs, and bodies. Neatly repacking equipment and snapping shut his case, he turned to the police chief. "Professional job," he said dryly.

The head waiter dropped his glass as a sob shook his body. The glass burst into a thousand pieces. . . .

Vale Pitdown detached a tiny radio transmitter from the false front of his belt buckle. "Project Artigas here," he said softly. The transmitter cackled static for a moment. "Project Artigas here."

"Project Artigas here. We are recording." Reception was poor.

"Right. Strike set for tonight — the Parliament building. Terrorist methods. Suggest council call emergency joint Parliament session immediately. Intensify secret police security. . . ."

A sloppily uniformed guard led Pitdown through a well-lit tunnel to the subterranean conference room. When the door slid open, Pitdown was greeted by half a dozen impassive faces, Uruguay's top Communists, seated around a hexagonal table. Uruguay's Communist movement was still sputtering, but these men were ready to throw it into

high gear. Intelligence had told him they would play right into his hands once he penetrated their ranks. It had been surprisingly easy, actually. They needed a good demolition man, and he was it.

Mocker, the English born Red, leered at Pitdown across the table. Pitdown detested the man. "The commando force leaves in exactly fifteen minutes. All will proceed as scheduled."

Pitdown was livid. "But the strike and the Senate session were set for tonight . . . "

"A joint session has been summoned for this afternoon," Mocker replied curtly. "The executive council will be present. We strike now . . . "

The newscaster was excited. " . . . And all eight remaining members of the executive council died in the bombing raid. One member of the nine man governing unit was assassinated last week, apparently within his own ranks. Ten members of the Chamber of Deputies who survived the blast were executed in front of the statue of the nineteenth century liberator, Artigas, in the *Plaza Independencia*. Several members of the Senate sought refuge in the American Embassy. Ambassador Haven granted them temporary asylum. When he later refused to surrender them, the terrorists stormed the embassy. The senators were seized and three of them executed immediately. Ambassador Haven, in critical condition, from wounds received in the scuffle, was rushed by private plane to Buenos Aires. The Communist led military junta . . . Wait, I have a bulletin. Ambassador Haven has just died, and the United States has just broken diplomatic relations with Uruguay. As I said earlier, the new regime has already been recognized by China, Viet Nam, and Albania."

Governor Hannibal Reason of Pennsylvania leaned forward and snapped the television off. Dejected, he fell back on the couch. "We haven't got a prayer on Tuesday, Bob," he said to his young aide. "The country will vote Pocket into office. It'll be just like Roosevelt and the war years when nobody wanted to switch horses in the middle of the stream. . . ."

The little plane bounced wildly as it made an unlighted landing in the broad pasture. A single electric lantern glowed from the plane as a shadowy figure hurried across the open field and was helped into the plane.

Once the plane was air-borne, Vale Pitdown loosened his seat belt and pulled a bulky envelope from his shirt. He dropped the envelope into a waste basket riveted to the floor and painstakingly set fire to it.

"Exit one Valence Pitdown, American Intelligence," he murmured.

The pilot regarded his passenger. "Now we can be sure of no hard line Washington policy toward us for at least four years. Americans would never vote a president out at a time like this."

"Yes, but can we sacrifice a country to the Communists every four years?"

"No, no, we can't. But Pocket can't run every four years. Besides, a situation would rarely again allow one man to virtually create a *coup*. The setting was superb. One country, one vote. Excellent work, *Monsieur Fausette*."

## SELMA, AN ENCOUNTER WITH GOD

*Eugene Tiffany, '66*

Because of the delicate yet inseparable union of his dual nature, that union of his body and soul, man is a huge "sympathetic vibrator" devise. Nothing gets into his intellect that does not first come through his bodily senses. And nothing is experienced in the intellect that somehow does not register in the body. So also in other "bodies."

The Church has an official responsibility to save souls, an interior reality. The sacraments are an interior reality which would hold no meaning for the faithful without the outward signs pointing toward this reality. For the Christian these outward signs are a tangible reality carrying with them the efficacy of the hidden reality. Along with the grace received in the sacraments goes a commitment on the part of the recipient to carry this reality of his personal relationship with God into the world.

Today from Selma, Alabama, comes a cry for love and justice, love in what sometimes appears to be a God-forsaken country. Martin Luther King, in his *Letter From Birmingham City Jail*, beseeches the Church to commit herself to the cause of civil rights. "I am meeting young people every day whose disappointment with the Church has risen to outright disgust. . . . Maybe again I have been too optimistic. Is organized religion too intrinsically bound to the *status quo* to save our nation and the world? Maybe I must turn my faith to the inner



spiritual Church, the Church within the Church, as the true *ecclesia* and the hope of the world. But again I am thankful to God that some noble souls from the ranks of organized religion have broken loose from the paralyzing chains of conformity and joined us as active partners in the struggle for freedom."

The Church must meet the challenge to uplift degraded human beings who have been smothered with the cloak of hatred and discrimination for the last 300 years. As an integral facet of the nation, the Church must play an active role in its development. The teachings of the Church must be "incarnate" in the actions of society. The Church has always, in the course of American history, advocated the equality of men.

We now return to our first assertion, that of corporeal encounter with the theoretical philosophy. Christianity can and will become sterile unless its members, both shepherds as well as sheep, pour out of their comfortable churches and plod barefoot through the mud of segregation, giving living testimony to the Word. But the sheep need the leadership of the shepherds to witness in strength, and the world needs the strong witness of the entire flock.

The question now arises whether the clergy is lacking in its responsibility to their own local problems. When one examines his conscience, he attempts to pick out the predominate fault from which all other sins stem. The predominate fault of America in Alabama rests heavily on the conscience of every man living in this land of the free. It is a fact that the sin of segregation affects and endangers the very philosophy of this democratic nation. All of us, clerical leaders and lay followers alike, must give public demonstration of our belief in love, of our determination to bury hatred — with love. Thus will the world know that Christianity is committed to the removal of this cancer from the nation.

Many men believe in the equality of the Negro. But through fear of harm to themselves and their families, they refuse to speak out against the demagogues, the Wallaces, and the Clarks. In the course of the fight for civil rights, people are going to get hurt and even killed, as we have witnessed in the last few months. The social obligation of every married man does not end when he supports his family through his job. He must strive to permeate his "other family" with an atmosphere of love.

It is here that every man must reevaluate the role religion has played in his life. Every facet of his worship must be transformed into action. The truly religious man must shake himself from the



chains of fear and undergo beatings and sufferings and perhaps even death to free a society from its chains of hatred. Thus he makes it possible for the generations following him to grow in a society filled with love, blind to divisions based on race, color, or creed, and thus fulfill a centuries-old theology. It is through action that we give meaning and expression to ourselves and our religion. We must make this Christianity the pulsating fibre in the body of each man. This is religion, this is Christianity, this is Christ.

## COLOPHON

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HIGHWAY 80  
WAY OF THE CROSS  
1965

The Reverend George Welzbacher  
The College of St. Thomas  
St. Paul I, Minn.